AMYNTOR

AND

THEODORA:

OR, THE

HERMIT.

A

POEM.

In THREE CANTOS.

Fortunati ambo! ſi quid mea carmina poſſunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet aevo.

VIRG.

LONDON:
Printed for PAUL VAILLANT, in the *Strand.*
MDCCXLVII.

[*Price Eight Pence.*]

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Right Honorable

Philip Dormer Stanhope,

EARL OF

CHESTERFIELD,

One of His MAJESTY's

Principal Secretaries of State.

THE author of this poem had devoted it, in his own thoughts, an offering of eſteem to your Lordſhip, ſeveral years before he was determined to make it public. And now, my Lord, if a private man may be pardoned for ſaying, what he feels the higheſt ſatisfaction in being able to ſay with truth, he takes this opportunity of owning, that no change in your Lordſhip's ſituation ſince has produced any alteration in his ſentiments; or left a writer, who wiſhes only to do himſelf

ſelf honor by the choice of his patron, at liberty to think of another.

Tho you gave leave for this addreſs, after having peruſed part of the following ſheets in manuſcript, yet he dares not avail himſelf of that diſtinction, however agreeably flattering, to beſpeak his reader's favour. He knows, my Lord, that the beſt Judges of writing ſometimes grant to perſonal kindneſs, or the well-meaning vanity of poets, that Indulgence which ſhould be conferred on real merit alone. But, whatever may be the character, or the fate, of this performance, the writer's views are not confined to himſelf or it.

If we may judge, by daily and diſagreeable proofs, it ſhould ſeem that we are relapſing faſt into barbariſm, either from a failure, or a ſtrange miſapplication, of genius. The politer arts, my Lord, which you muſt love, were it only out of gratitude, decline viſibly thro all their branches: and muſt languiſh more and more without ſuch Encouragement as may

may adorn while it rewards them. In this criſis, the eyes of mankind are naturally turned upon *One*, who, by taſte as well as reflection, feels and diſcerns their Utility.

Cardinal RICHELIEU, amidſt the mighty ſchemes of ambition that employed his thoughts, amidſt the domeſtic and foreign wars that perplexed his adminiſtration, yet found leiſure to erect an academy for the *French* tongue; which ſtill flouriſhes to the advantage of his country, as well as to the peculiar honor of his own name. A propoſal, for an eſtabliſhment of the like nature here, was agreed to by the late Treaſurer OXFORD: and a certain annual ſum, for the ſupport of it, was certainly promiſed. How it happened that this promiſe was never carried into execution, it would be improper to enquire in this place. But may we not flatter our hopes that ſome ſuch ſcheme, or one yet more extenſively uſeful, will take place, ſo as to be rendered effectual under your Lordſhip's influence? and that,

ages

ages hence, thoſe who are beſt fitted by their talents, to inſtruct or entertain the public, will have cauſe to remember, with gratitude as well as reverence, the miniſtry of the *Earl* of CHESTERFIELD? I am, with the utmoſt reſpect,

My Lord,

April 24th, 1747.

Your Lordſhip's

moſt faithful

and moſt humble ſervant.

THE PREFACE.

THE following poem was originally intended for the ſtage, and planned out, ſeveral years ago, into a regular tragedy. But the author found it neceſſary to change his firſt deſign, and to give his work the form it now appears in; for reaſons with which it might be impertinent to trouble the public: tho, to a man who thinks *and* feels *in a certain manner, thoſe reaſons were invincibly ſtrong.*

As the Scene *of the piece is laid in the moſt remote and unfrequented of all the* Hebrides, *or* weſtern Iſles *that ſurround one part of* Great Britain; *it may not be improper to inform the reader, that he will find a particular account of* it, *in a little treatiſe, publiſhed near half a century ago, under the title of a* Voyage *to* St. Kilda. *The Author, who had himſelf been upon the ſpot, deſcribes at length the ſituation, extent, and produce of that ſolitary* Iſland; *ſketches out the natural hiſtory of the birds of ſeaſon that tranſmigrate thither annually, and relates the ſingular cuſtoms that ſtill prevailed among the Inhabitants: a race of people,* then *the moſt uncorrupted in their manners, and therefore the leaſt unhappy in their lives of any, perhaps, on the face of the whole earth. To whom might have been applied what an antient*

tient Hiſtorian ſays of certain barbarous nations, when he compares them with their more civilized neighbours: Plus valuit apud *Hos* ignorantia vitiorum, quam apud *Græcos* omnia philoſophorum præcepta.

They live together, as in the greateſt ſimplicity of heart, ſo in the moſt inviolable harmony and union of ſentiments. They have neither ſilver nor gold; but barter among themſelves for the few neceſſaries they may reciprocally want. To ſtrangers they are extremely hoſpitable, and no leſs charitable to their own poor; for whoſe relief each family in the Iſland *contributes its ſhare monthly, and at every feſtival ſends them beſides a portion of mutton or beef. Both ſexes have a genius to poetry, and compoſe not only ſongs, but pieces of a more elevated turn, in their own language, which is very emphatical. One of thoſe* Iſlanders, *having been prevailed with to viſit the greateſt trading town in* North Britain, *was infinitely aſtoniſhed at the length of the voyage, and at the mighty kingdoms (for ſuch he reckoned the larger Iſles) by which they ſailed. He would not venture himſelf into the ſtreets of that city without being led by the hand. At ſight of the* great church, *he owned that it was indeed a lofty* rock; *but inſiſted that in his native country of* St. Kilda, *there were others ſtill higher. However, the* caverns *formed in it (ſo he named the pillars and arches on which it is raiſed) were hollowed, he ſaid, more commo-*

commodiouſly than any he had ever ſeen there. At the ſhake, occaſioned in the ſteeple, and the horrible din that ſounded in his ears, upon tolling out the great bells, he appeared under the utmoſt conſternation, believing the frame of nature was falling to pieces about him. He thought the perſons who wore masks, not diſtinguiſhing whether they were men or women, had been guilty of ſome ill thing, for which they did not dare to ſhew their faces. The beauty and ſtatelineſs of the trees which he ſaw, then for the firſt time, (as in his own Iſland there grows not a ſhrub) equally ſurprized and delighted him: but he obſerved, with a kind of terror, that as he paſſed among their branches, they pulled him back again. He had been perſuaded to drink a pretty large doſe of ſtrong waters; and upon finding himſelf drowſy after it, and ready to fall into a ſlumber which he fancied was to be his laſt, he expreſſed to his companions the great ſatisfaction he felt in ſo eaſy a paſſage out of this world: for, *ſaid he,* it is attended with no kind of pain.

Among ſuch ſort of men it was, that AURELIUS *ſought refuge from the violence and cruelty of his enemies.*

The time *appears to have been towards the latter part of the reign of* CHARLES *the ſecond: when thoſe who governed* Scotland *under him, with no leſs cruelty than impolicy, made the people of that country deſperate; and then plundered, impriſoned,*

priſoned, or butchered them for the natural effects of ſuch deſpair. The beſt and worthieſt men were often the objects of their moſt unrelenting fury. Under the title of fanatics, or ſeditious, they affected to herd, and of courſe perſecuted, whoever wiſhed well to his country, or ventured to ſtand up in defence of the laws and a legal government. I have now in my hands the copy *of a warrant, ſigned by king* Charles *himſelf, for military execution upon them without proceſs or conviction: and I know that the* original *is ſtill kept in the ſecretary's office for that part of the united kingdom. Thus much I thought it neceſſary to ſay, that the reader may not be miſled to look upon the relation given, by* Aurelius *in the ſecond canto, as drawn from the wantonneſs of imagination; when it hardly ariſes to ſtrict hiſtorical truth.*

What reception this poem may meet with, the author cannot foreſee: and, in his humble but happy retirement, needs not be over-anxious to know. He has endeavoured to make it one regular and conſiſtent Whole; to be true to nature in his thoughts, and to the genius of the language in his manner of expreſſing them. If he has ſucceeded in theſe points, but above all in effectually touching the paſſions (which as it is the genuine province, ſo is it the great triumph, of poetry) for other imperfections that may be found in this performance, he dares rely on the candor of his more diſcerning readers.

AMYNTOR

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA: OR, THE HERMIT.

CANTO I.

FAR in the watry waſte, where his broad wave
From world to world the vaſt *Atlantic* rolls,
On from the piny ſhores of *Labrador*
To frozen *Thulè* eaſt, her aery height
Aloft to heaven remoteſt KILDA lifts;
Laſt of the ſea-girt *Hebrides*, that guard,
In filial train, *Britania*'s parent-coaſt.
Thrice happy land! tho freezing on the verge
Of artic skies: yet, blameleſs ſtill of arts
That poliſh, to deprave, each ſofter clime,
With ſimple nature, ſimple vertue bleſt.
Beyond *Ambition*'s walk: where never *War*
Uprear'd his ſanguine ſtandard; nor unſheath'd,
For wealth or power, the deſolating ſword.

Where *Luxury*, ſoft Syren, who around
To thouſand Nations deals her nectar'd cup
Of pleaſing bane, that ſoothes at once and kills,
Is yet a name unknown. But calm *Content*,
That lives to Reaſon; antient *Faith*, that binds
The plain community of guileleſs hearts
In love and union; *Innocence* of ill
Their guardian Genius: theſe, the Powers that rule
This little world, to all its ſons ſecure
Man's happieſt life; the ſoul ſerene and ſound
From paſſion's rage, the body from diſeaſe.
Red on each cheek behold the roſe of health;
Firm in each ſinew vigor's plyant ſpring,
By Temperance brac'd to peril and to pain,
Amid the floods they ſtem, or on the ſteep
Of upright rocks their ſtraining ſteps ſurmount,
For food or paſtime. Theſe light up their morn,
And cloſe their eve in ſlumber ſweetly deep,
Beneath the north, within the circling roar
Of oceans raging round. But laſt and beſt,
What *Avarice*, what *Ambition* ſhall not know,
True *Liberty* is theirs, the heaven-ſent gueſt,
Who in the cave, or on th' uncultur'd wild,
With *Independence* dwells; and *Peace* of mind,
In youth, in age, their ſun, that never ſets.

Daughter of Heaven and Nature, deign thy aid,
Auſpicious *Muſe*! O whether from the depth

Of

Of evening-foreſt, brown with broadeſt ſhade;
Or from the brow ſublime of vernal alp
As morning dawns; or from the vale at noon,
By ſome ſoft ſtream that ſlides with liquid foot
Thro bow'ry groves, where *Inſpiration* ſits
And liſtens to thy lore, ſpontaneous come!
O'er theſe wild waves, o'er this unharbour'd ſhore,
Thy wing high-hovering ſpread; and to the gale,
The boreal ſpirit breatheing liberal round
From echoing hill to hill, thy lyre attune
With anſwering cadence free, as beſt beſeems
The tragic theme my plaintive verſe unfolds.

Here, good AURELIUS----and a ſcene more wild
The world around, or deeper ſolitude,
Affliction could not find ----AURELIUS here,
By fate unequal and the crime of War
Expell'd his native home, the ſacred vale
That ſaw him bleſt, now wretched and unknown,
Wore out the ſlow remains of ſetting life
In bitterneſs of thought: and with the ſurge,
And with the ſounding ſtorm his murmur'd moan
Would often mix ----Oft as remembrance ſad
Recall'd the mournful paſt; a faithful *wife*,
Whom love firſt choſe, whom reaſon long endear'd,
His ſoul's companion and his ſofter friend;
With one fair *daughter*, in her roſy prime,
Her dawn of op'ning charms, defenceleſs left

Within

Within a *tyrant*'s graſp! his *foe* profeſs'd,
By civil madneſs, by intemperate zeal
For differing rites, embitter'd into hate,
And cruelty remorſeleſs! Thus he liv'd:
If this was life, to load the blaſt with ſighs;
Hung o'er its edge, to ſwell the flood with tears
At midnight-hour: for midnight frequent heard
The lonely mourner, deſolate of heart,
Pour all the husband, all the father forth
In unavailing anguiſh, ſtretch'd along
The naked beach; or ſhiv'ring on the cliff,
Smote with the wintry pole in bitter ſtorm,
Hail, ſnow, and ſhower, dark-drifting round his head.

Such were his hours; till *Time*, the wretche's friend,
Life's great phyſician, skill'd alone to cloſe,
Where ſorrow long has wak'd, the weeping eye,
And from the brain, with baleful vapours black,
Each ſullen ſpectre chace, his balm at length,
Lenient of pain, thro' ev'ry fever'd pulſe
With gentleſt hand infus'd. A penſive calm
Aroſe, but unaſſur'd: as after winds
Of ruffling wing, the ſea ſubſiding ſlow
Still trembles from the ſtorm. Now *Reaſon* firſt,
Her throne reſuming, bid *Devotion* raiſe
To heav'n his eye; and thro the turbid miſts,
Dark-interpos'd, of paſſion and of ſenſe,
Adoring own the ſole unerring CAUSE,

All-

All-righteous Judge, who bids what ſtill is beſt,
In cloud or ſun-ſhine; whoſe ſevereſt hand
Wounds but to heal, and chaſtens to amend.

Thus, in his boſom, every weak exceſs,
The rage of grief, the felneſs of revenge
To healthful meaſure temper'd and reduc'd
By vertue's hand; and in her brightening beam
Each error clear'd away, as fen-born fogs
Before th' aſcending ſun; thro faith he lives
Beyond time's bounded continent, the walks
Of ſin and death. Anticipating heaven
In pious hope, he ſeems already there,
Safe on her ſacred ſhore; and ſees beyond,
In radiant view, the world of light and love,
Where peace delights to dwell; where one fair morn
Still orient ſmiles, and one diffuſive ſpring,
That fears no ſtorm and ſhall no winter know,
Th' immortal year empurples. If a ſigh
Yet murmurs in his breaſt, 'tis for the pangs
Thoſe deareſt names, a wife, a child, muſt feel,
Yet ſuffering in his fate: 'tis for a foe,
Who, deaf himſelf to mercy, may from heaven
That Mercy, when moſt wanted, ask in vain.

The ſun, now ſtation'd with the lucid *Twins*,
O'er every ſouthern clime had pour'd profuſe
The roſy year; and in each pleaſing hue,

That greens the leaf, or thro the bloſſom glows
With florid light, the meek-ey'd *May* array'd:
While zephire leads the ſilver-footed dews
Her ſoft attendants, o'er the bloomy ſcene
To ſhed freſh ſpirit and perfuming balm.
Nor here, in this chill region, on the brow
Of winter's pale dominion, is unfelt
The ray ethereal, or unhail'd the riſe
Of her mild reign. From warbling vale and hill,
With wild-thyme flowering, betony and balm,
Blue lavender and carmel's ſpicy root,
Fragrance and health impregnate every breeze.

But, high above, the ſeaſon full exerts
Its vernant force in yonder peopled rocks,
To whoſe wild ſolitude, from worlds unknown,
The birds of paſſage tranſmigrating come;
At nature's ſummons their aëreal ſtate
Annual to found. And ſee! from hill to hill,
Whitening each ſunny cliff, or new arriv'd
In file continuous or in leſſening wedge,
Unnumber'd colonies of foreign wing,
Of various nations, in bold voyage ſteer'd,
Safe thro' the ſurges of the trackleſs air,

By

Line 132. The root of this plant, otherwiſe named *argatilis ſylvaticus*, is aromatic; and by the natives reckoned cordial to the ſtomach. See *Martin's Weſtern Iſles of* Scotland, p. 180.

By heaven's directive ſpirit, here to raiſe
Their temporary realm; and form ſecure,
Where food awaits them copious from the wave,
And ſhelter from the rock, their nuptial leagues:
Each tribe apart, and all on tasks of love,
To hatch the pregnant egg, to rear and guard
Their helpleſs infants, piouſly intent.

Led by the day abroad, with lonely ſtep,
And ruminating ſweet and bitter thought,
AURELIUS, from the weſtern bay, his eye
Now rais'd to this amuſive ſcene in air,
With Wonder mark'd; now caſt with level ray
Wide o'er the moving wilderneſs of waves,
From pole to pole, thro boundleſs ſpace, diffus'd,
Magnificently dreadful! where, at large,
LEVIATHAN, with each inferior name
Of ſea-born kinds, ten thouſand thouſand tribes,
Finds endleſs range for paſture and for ſport.
Wak'd reverence lifts the HERMIT's thought: he owns
The hand Almighty who its chanell'd bed
Immeaſurable ſunk, and pour'd abroad,
Fenc'd with eternal mounds, the fluid ſphere;
With every wind to waft large commerce on,
Join pole to pole, conſociate ſever'd worlds,
And link in bonds of intercourſe and love
Earth's univerſal family. Now roſe
Sweet evening's ſolemn hour. The ſun declin'd

Hung

Hung golden o'er this nether firmament;
Whoſe broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright,
Gave back his beamy viſage to the day
With ſplendor undiminiſh'd; and each cloud,
White, azure, purple, glowing round his throne
In fair aëreal landſcape. Here, alone
On earth's remoteſt verge, AURELIUS breathe'd
The healthful gale, and felt the ſmiling ſcene
With awe-mix'd pleaſure, muſing as he hung
In ſilence o'er the billows huſh'd beneath.
When lo! a ſound, amid the wave-worn rocks,
Deaf-murmuring roſe, and plaintive roll'd along
From cliff to cavern: as the breath of winds,
At twilight hour, remote and hollow heard
Thro wintry pines, high-waving o'er the ſteep
Of sky-crown'd *Apenine*. The *Sea-Py* ceas'd
At once to warble. Screaming, from his neſt
The *Fulmar* ſoar'd, and ſhot a weſtward flight
From ſhore to ſea. On came, before her hour,
Invading night, and hung the troubled sky
With fearful blackneſs round; when fierce upſprung,
Thick cloud and ſtorm and ruin on his wing,
The raging *South*; and headlong o'er the ſea
Fell horrible, with broad-deſcending blaſt:
Aloft, and ſafe beneath a ſheltering cliff
Whence overheard the bending ſummit frowns
On the rous'd flood, AURELIUS ſtood apall'd;

His

Line 189. See *Martin*'s Voyage to *St. Kilda*, p. 58.

His ear aſſail'd with all the thundering main!
His eye with mountains ſurging to the ſtars!
Commotion infinite! Where yon laſt wave
Blends with the sky its ſoam, a ſhip in view
Shoots ſudden forth, ſteep-falling from the clouds:
Yet diſtant ſeen and dim; till onward borne
Before the blaſt, each growing ſail expands,
Each maſt aſpires, and all th' advancing frame
Bounds on his eye diſtinct. With ſharpen'd ken,
Its courſe he watches, and in awful thought
That *Power* invokes, whoſe voice the wild winds hear,
Whoſe nod the ſurge reveres, to look from heaven,
And ſave, who elſe muſt periſh, wretched men,
In this dark hour, amid the dread abyſs,
With fears amaz'd, by horrors compaſs'd round.
But O ill-omen'd, death-devoted heads!
For death beſtrides the billow, nor your own,
Nor others' offer'd vows can ſtay the flight
Of inſtant fate. And lo! his ſecret ſeat,
Where never ſun-beam glimmer'd, deep amidſt
A cavern's jaws voraginous and vaſt,
The ſtormy *Genius* of the deep forſakes:
And o'er the waves, that roar beneath his frown,
Aſcending baleful, bidſt the tempeſt ſpread,
Turbid and terrible with hail and rain,
Its blackeſt pinion; pour its loudening blaſts
In whirlwind forth, and from his loweſt depth
Upturn the vext *Atlantic*. Round and round

The

The tortur'd ſhip, at his imperious call,
Is wheel'd in dizzy whirl: her guiding helm
Breaks ſhort; her maſts in craſhing ruin fall;
And each rent ſail flies fluttering looſe in air.
Now, fearful moment! in one ridgy ſwell
Half ocean heaves, and o'er the found'ring hull
A billowy curve with horrid ſhade impends---
Ah! ſave them, heav'n!---it burſts in deluge down
With boundleſs undulation. Shore and sky
Rebellow to the roar. At once engulph'd,
Veſſel and crew beneath its torrent-ſweep
Are ſunk, to riſe no more. AURELIUS wept:
The tear unbidden dew'd his hoary cheek.
He turn'd his ſtep; he fled the fatal ſcene,
And brooding, in ſad ſilence, o'er the ſight
To him alone diſclos'd, his wounded heart
Pour'd out to heav'n in ſighs: Thy will be done,
Not mine, ſupreme DISPOSER! as is meet;
But death demands a tear, and man muſt feel
For human woes: the reſt ſubmiſſion checks.

Not diſtant far, and where the winding bay
Looks northward on the pole, a rocky arch
Expands its ſelf-pois'd concave; as the gate,
Ample and broad and pillar'd maſſy-proof,
Of ſome unfolding temple. On its height
Is heard the tread of daily-climbing flocks,

That,

Line 248. See *Martin*'s Voyage to *St. Kilda*, p. 20.

That, o'er the green roof ſpred, their fragrant food
Untended crop. As to this cavern'd path
AURELIUS turn'd, and, buſy in his breaſt,
The paſt and preſent griev'd Reflection roll'd,
Struck with ſad echoes, from the ſounding vault
Remurmur'd thick and ſhrill, he rais'd his head:
And ſaw th' aſſembled Natives in a ring,
With wonder and with pity bending o'er
A ſhipwreck'd man. All-motionleſs on earth
He lay. The living luſtre from his eye,
The vermil hue extinguiſh'd from his cheek:
And in their place, on each chill feature ſpred,
The ſhadowy cloud and ghaſtlineſs of death
With pale ſuffuſion ſat. So looks the moon,
So faintly wan, thro hovering miſts at eve,
Grey autumn's train. Faſt from his hairs diſtill'd
The briny wave: and cloſe within his graſp
Was clench'd a broken oar, as one who long
Had ſtem'd the flood with agonizing breaſt,
And ſtruggled ſtrong for life. Of youthful prime
He ſeem'd, and built by nature's nobleſt hand;
Where bold proportion and where ſoftening grace
Mix'd in each limb, and harmoniz'd his frame.

AURELIUS, from the breathleſs clay, his eye
To heav'n imploring rais'd: then, for he knew
That life, within her central cell retir'd,
May lurk unſeen, diminiſh'd, but not quench'd,

He

He bid tranſport it ſpeedy thro the vale,
To his poor cell that lonely ſtood and low,
Safe from the north beneath a ſloping hill:
An antique frame, orbicular, and rais'd
On columns rude; its roof with reverend moſs
Light-ſhaded o'er; its front in ivy hid,
That mantling crept aloft. With pious hand
They turn'd, they chaf'd his frozen limbs, and fum'd
The vapoury air with aromatic ſmells:
Then, drops of ſovereign efficacy, drawn
From mountain plants, within his lips infus'd.
Slow, from the mortal tranſe, as men from dreams
Of direful viſion, ſhuddering he awakes:
While life, to quivering motion, faintly lifts
His flutt'ring pulſe; and gradual o'er his cheek
The roſy current wins its refluent way.
Recovering to new pain, his eyes he turn'd
Severe on heav'n, on the ſurrounding hills
With twilight dim, and on the croud unknown
Diſſolv'd in tears around: then clos'd again,
As loathing light and life. His limbs convuls'd,
His boſom heav'd, as when the fabled Hag
Sits huge and horrid on the ſleeper's limbs,
Thus from his lips in hurling accents wild
Diſtraction ſpoke: Down, down with ev'ry ſail----
Mercy, ſweet heav'n---Ha! now whole ocean ſweeps
In tempeſt o'er our heads---My ſoul's laſt hope!
We will not part---Help! help! yon wave, behold!

That

That ſwells betwixt, has borne her from my ſight.
O for a ſun to light this black abyſs!
Gone----loſt----for ever loſt! He ceas'd. Amaze
And trembling on the pale aſſiſtants fell:
Whom now, with greeting and the words of peace,
AURELIUS bid depart. A pauſe enſu'd,
Mute, mournful, ſolemn. On the Stranger's face
Obſervant, anxious, hung his fix'd regard:
Watchful his ear, each murmur, every breath,
Attentive ſeiz'd; now eager to begin
Conſoling ſpeech; now doubtful to invade
The ſacred ſilence due to grief ſupreme.

Then thus at laſt. O from devouring ſeas
By miracle eſcap'd! if, with thy life,
Thy ſenſe return'd can yet diſcern the *Hand*,
All-wonderful, that thro yon raging ſea,
Yon whirling waſte of tempeſt, led thee ſafe;
That *Hand* divine with grateful awe confeſs,
With proſtrate thanks adore. When thou, alas!
Waſt number'd with the dead, and clos'd within
Th' unfathom'd gulph; when human hope was fled,
And human help in vain---th' almighty VOICE,
Then bade Deſtruction ſpare, and bade the Deep
Yield up its prey: that by his mercy ſav'd,
A monument of wonder and of love,
That mercy, thy fair life's remaining race
May juſtify; to all the ſons of men,
Thy brethren, ever gracious in their need.

Such praiſe delights him moſt——
He hears me not.
Some ſecret anguiſh, ſome tranſcendent woe
Sits heavy on his heart, and from his eyes,
Thro the clos'd lids, now rolls in bitter ſtream—

Yet, ſpeak thy ſoul, afflicted as thou art!
For know, by mournful privilege 'tis mine,
My ſelf moſt wretched and in ſorrow's ways
Severely train'd, to ſhare in every pang
The wretched feel; to ſoothe the ſad of heart,
To number tear for tear, and groan for groan,
With every ſon and daughter of diſtreſs.
Speak then, and give thy labouring boſom vent:
My pity is, my friendſhip ſhall be thine,
To calm thy pain, and guide thy virtue back,
Thro' reaſons pathes, to happineſs and heaven.

The HERMIT thus: and, after ſome ſad pauſe
Of muſing wonder, thus the MAN unknown.

What have I heard?—On this untravel'd ſhore,
Nature's laſt limit, hem'd with oceans round
Howling and harbourleſs, beyond all faith
A comforter to find, whoſe language wears
The garb of civil life! a friend, whoſe breaſt
The gracious meltings of ſweet pity move——
Amazement all! My grief, to ſilence charm'd,

Is

Is loſt in wonder !—But, thou good Unknown,
If woes, for ever wedded to deſpair,
That wiſh no cure, are thine, behold in me
A meet companion ; one whom earth and heaven
Combine to curſe; whom never future morn
Shall light to joy, nor evening with repoſe
Deſcending ſhade.——O ſon of this wild world !
From ſocial converſe tho for ever barr'd,
Tho chill'd with endleſs winter from the pole,
Yet warm'd by goodneſs, form'd to tender ſenſe
Of human woes, beyond what milder climes,
By fairer ſuns attemper'd, courtly boaſt ;
O ſay, did e'er thy breaſt, in youthful life,
Touch'd by a beam from *Beauty* all-divine
Did e'er thy boſom her ſweet influence own,
In pleaſing tumult pour'd thro every vein,
And panting at the heart, when firſt our eye
Receives impreſſion ! Then, as paſſion grew,
Did heaven, conſenting to thy wiſh, indulge
That bliſs no wealth can bribe, no power beſtow,
That bliſs of angels, love by love repaid?
Heart ſtreaming full to heart in mutual flow
Of faith and friendſhip, tenderneſs and truth——
If theſe thy fate diſtinguiſh'd, thou wilt then,
My joys conceiving, image my deſpair,
How total ! how extreme ! For this, all this,
Late my fair fortune, wreck'd on yonder flood,
Lies loſt and bury'd there----O awful heaven !

Who to the wind and to the whelming wave
Her blameleſs head devoted, thou alone
Can'ſt tell what I have loſt----O ill-ſtarr'd *Maid*!
O moſt undone AMYNTOR!----Sighs and tears,
And heart-heav'd groans, at this, ſuppreſs'd his voice;
The reſt was agony and dumb deſpair.

Now, o'er their heads, damp night her ſtormy gloom
Spred, e'er the glimering twilight was expir'd,
With huge and heavy horror cloſing round
In doubling clouds on clouds. The mournful ſcene,
The moving tale, AURELIUS deeply felt:
And thus reply'd, as one in nature skill'd,
With ſoft aſſenting ſorrow in his look,
And words to ſoothe, not combat hopeleſs love.

AMYNTOR, by that heaven who ſees thy tears!
By faith and friendſhip's ſympathy divine!
Could I the ſorrows heal I more than ſhare,
This boſom, truſt me, ſhould from thine transfer
Its ſharpeſt grief. Such grief, alas! how juſt?
How long in ſilent anguiſh to deſcend,
When *Reaſon* and when *Fondneſs* o'er the tomb
Are fellow-mourners? He, who can reſign,
Has never lov'd, and wert thou to the ſenſe,
The ſacred feeling of a loſs like thine,
Cold and inſenſible, thy breaſt were then
No manſion for humanity, or thought

Of noble aim. Their dwelling is with love,
And tender pity; whoſe kind tear adorns
The clouded cheek, and ſanctifys the ſoul
They ſoften, not ſubdue. We both will mix,
For her thy virtue lov'd, thy truth laments,
Our ſocial ſighs: and ſtill, as morn unveils
The brightening hill, or evening's miſty ſhade
Its brow obſcures, each fair unfolding grace,
Each charm freſh-opening in her face and mind
Shall be our darling theme. Then ſhalt thou hear
A tale of woes, in ſad return from me,
So terrible----AMYNTOR, thy pain'd heart,
Amid its own, will ſhudder at the ills
That mine has bled with--But, behold! the dark,
And drowſy hour ſteals faſt upon our talk.
Here break we off: and thou, ſad Mourner, try
Thy weary limbs, thy wounded mind, to balm
With timely ſleep. Each gracious *Wing* from heaven,
Of thoſe that miniſter to erring man,
Near-hovering, huſh thy paſſions into calm;
Serene thy ſlumbers with preſented ſcenes
Of brighteſt viſion; whiſper to thy heart
That holy peace which goodneſs ever ſhares:
And to us both be friendly as we need.

End of the FIRST CANTO.

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA: OR, THE HERMIT.

CANTO II.

NOW midnight roſe, and o'er the general ſcene,
Air, ocean, earth, drew broad her blackeſt veil,
Vapour and cloud. Around th' unſleeping *Iſle*,
Yet howl'd the whirlwind, yet the billow groan'd;
And, in mix'd horror, to AMYNTOR's ear
Borne thro the gloom, his ſhrinking ſenſe appall'd.
Shook by each blaſt, and ſwept by ev'ry wave,
Again pale *Memory* labours in the ſtorm:
Again from her is torn, whom more than life
His fondneſs lov'd. And now, another ſhower
Of ſorrow, o'er the dear unhappy Maid,
Effuſive ſtream'd; till late, thro ev'ry power,
The ſoul ſubdu'd ſunk ſad to ſlow repoſe:
And all her dark'ning ſcenes, by dim degrees,
Were quench'd in total night. A pauſe from pain

Not

Not long to laſt: for *Fancy*, oft awake
While *Reaſon* ſleeps, from her illuſive cell
Call'd up wild ſhapes of viſionary fear,
Of viſionary bliſs, the hour of reſt
To mock with mimic ſhews. And, lo! the deeps
In aery tumult ſwell. Beneath a hill
AMYNTOR heaves of overwhelming ſeas;
Or rides, with dizzy dread, from cloud to cloud,
The billow's back. Anon, the ſhadowy world
Shifts to ſome boundleſs continent unknown,
Where ſolitary, o'er the ſtarleſs void,
Dumb ſilence broods. Thro heaths of dreary length,
Slow on he drags his ſtaggering ſtep infirm
With breathleſs toil; hears torrent floods afar
Roar thro the wild; and, plung'd in central caves,
Falls headlong many a fathom into night;
Yet there, at once, in all her living charms,
That brighten'd with their glow the brown abyſs,
Roſe THEODORA. Heavenly in her eye
Sat, without cloud, the tender-ſmiling ſoul,
That, guilt unknowing, had no wiſh to hide.
A ſpring of ſudden myrtles flowering round
Their walk embower'd; while nightingales beneath
Sung ſpouſals, as along th' enamel'd turf
They ſeem'd to fly, and interchang'd their ſouls,
Melting in mutual ſoftneſs. Thrice his arms
The Fair encircled: thrice ſhe fled his graſp,
And fading into darkneſs mix'd with air---

O turn!

O turn! O ſtay thy flight!----ſo loud he cry'd,
Sleep, and its train of humid vapours, fled.
He groan'd, he gaz'd around: his inward ſenſe
Yet glowing with the viſion's vivid beam,
Still, on his eye, the hovering ſhadow blaz'd;
Her voice ſtill murmur'd in his tinkling ear;
Grateful deception! till returning thought
Left broad awake, amid th' incumbent lour
Of mute and mournful night, again he felt
His grief inflam'd throb freſh in every vein.
To frenzy ſtung, upſtarting from his couch,
The vale, the ſhore with darkling ſtep he roam'd,
Like ſome drear ſpectre from the grave unbound:
Then, ſcaling yonder cliff, prone o'er its brow
He hung, in act to plunge amid the flood
Scarce from that height diſcern'd. Nor reaſon's voice
Nor ow'd ſubmiſſion to the will of heaven,
Reſtrains him; but, as paſſion whirls his thought,
Fond expectation, that perchance eſcap'd,
Tho paſſing all belief, the frailer skiff,
To which himſelf had bore th' unhappy Fair,
May yet be ſeen. Around, o'er ſea and ſhore,
He roll'd his ardent eye; but nought around
On land or wave within his ken appears,
Nor skiff, nor floating corſe, on which to ſhed
The laſt ſad tear, and lay the covering mold!

Tho now, wide-open'd by the wakeful hours
Heaven's orient gate, forth on her progreſs comes
Aurora ſmiling, and her purple lamp
Lifts high o'er earth and ſea: while all-unveil'd,
The vaſt horizon on AMYNTOR's eye
Pours full her ſcenes of wonder, wildly great,
Magnificently various. From this ſteep,
Diffus'd immenſe in rowling proſpect lay
The northern deep. Amidſt, from ſpace to ſpace,
Her numerous iſles, rich gems of *Albion*'s crown,
As ſlow th' aſcending miſts diſperſe in air,
Shoot gradual from her boſom: and beyond,
Like diſtant clouds blue-floating on the verge
Of evening skies, break forth the dawning hills;
A thouſand landſchapes! barren ſome and bare,
Rock pil'd on rock amazing up to heaven,
Of horrid grandeur: ſome with ſounding aſh,
Or oak broad-ſhadowing, or the ſpiry growth
Of waving pine, high-plum'd; and now beheld
More lovely in the ſun's adorning beam,
That, fair-ariſing o'er yon eaſtern cliff,
The various verdure tinctures gay with gold.

Mean while AURELIUS, wak'd from ſweet repoſe
That *Temperance* bids in timely dews deſcend
On all who live to her, his mournful Gueſt
Came forth to hail; as hoſpitable rights
And virtue's rule enjoin: but firſt to HIM,

Spring

Spring of all charity, who gave the heart
With kindly ſenſe to glow, his morning-vows,
Superior duty, thus the ſage addreſt.

Fountain of light! from whom yon riſing ſun
Firſt drew his ſplendor; Source of life and love!
Whoſe ſmile now wakes o'er earth's rekindling face
The boundleſs bluſh of ſpring; O Firſt and Beſt!
Thy eſſence, tho from human ſight and ſearch,
Tho from the climb of all created thought,
Ineffably remov'd; yet man himſelf,
Thy loweſt child of reaſon, man may read
The maker's hand, intelligence ſupreme,
Unbounded power, on all his works impreſt,
In characters coëval with the ſun,
And with the ſun to laſt; from world to world,
From age to age, thro every clime, reveal'd.
Hail univerſal Goodneſs! in full ſtream
For ever flowing from beneath the throne
Thro earth, air, ſea, to all things that have life:
From all that live on earth, in air and ſea,
The great community of nature's ſons,
To thee, firſt *Father*, ceaſeleſs praiſe aſcend!
And in the general hymn my grateful voice
Be duely heard, among thy works not leaſt,
Nor loweſt; with intelligence inform'd,
To know thee and adore; with free will crown'd,
Where virtue leads to follow and be bleſt.

O whether by thy prime decree ordain'd
To days of future life; or whether now
The mortal hour is inſtant, ſtill vouchſafe,
Parent and friend, to guide me blameleſs on
Thro this dark ſcene of error and of ill,
Thy truth to light me and thy peace to chear.
All elſe, of me unask'd, thy will ſupreme
With-hold or grant: and let that will be done.

This from the ſoul in ſilence breath'd ſincere,
The hill's ſteep ſide with firm elaſtic ſtep
He lightly ſcal'd: ſuch health the frugal board,
The morn's freſh breath that exercíſe reſpires
In mountain-walks, and conſcience free from blame,
Our life's beſt cordial, can thro age prolong.
There, loſt in thought, and ſelf-abandon'd, lay
The man unknown; nor heard approach his hoſt,
Nor rais'd his drooping head. AURELIUS mov'd
By ſoft compaſſion, which the ſavage ſcene,
Shut up and barr'd amid ſurrounding ſeas
From human commerce, quicken'd into ſenſe
Of ſharper ſorrow, thus apart began.

O ſight, that from the eye of wealth or pride,
Even in their hour of vaineſt thought, might draw
A feeling tear! Whom yeſterday beheld
By love and fortune crown'd, of all poſſeſt
That *Fancy*, trans'd in faireſt viſion, dreams;

Now

Now loſt to all, each hope that ſoftens life,
Each bliſs that chears; there, on the damp earth ſpred,
Beneath a heaven unknown, behold him now!
And let the gay, the fortunate, the great,
The proud, be taught, what now the wretched feel,
The happy have to fear. O man forlorn,
Too plain I read thy heart, by fondneſs drawn
To this ſad ſcene, to ſights that but inflame
Its amorous anguiſh——
Hear me, heaven! exclaim'd
The frantic Mourner, could that anguiſh riſe
To madneſs and to mortal agony
I yet would bleſs my fate; by one kind pang
From this fierce ſtorm, theſe keener pangs of thought
For ever freed. I am weary of the ſun.
To me the future flight of days and years
Is darkneſs, is deſpair----But who complains
Forgets that he can die. One duty paid,
One tear of ſoftneſs ſprinkled on the grave,
My part in life is o'er. O fainted Maid!
For ſuch in heaven thou art, if from thy ſeat
Of holy reſt, beyond theſe changeful skies,
If names on earth moſt ſacred once and dear,
A lover and a friend, if yet thoſe names
Can wake thy pity, dart one guiding ray
To light me where, in cave or creek are thrown
Thy lifeleſs limbs; that I----O grief ſupreme!
O fate unequal! was thy lover ſav'd

For ſuch a Task?---that I thoſe dear remains,
With maiden-rites adorn'd, at laſt may lodge
Beneath the hallow'd vault; and weeping there,
O'er thy cold urn, await the hour to cloſe
Theſe eyes in peace, and mix this duſt with thine!

Such and ſo dire, reply'd the cordial *Friend*
In pity's look and language, ſuch, alas!
Were late my thoughts. Whate'er of deep-felt woe
Can anguiſh human thought, grief, rage, deſpair,
Have all been mine, and with alternate war
This boſom ravag'd. Hearken then, good Youth,
My ſtory mark, and from another's fate,
Pre-eminently wretched, learn thy own,
Sad as it ſeems, to balance and to bear.

In me, a Man behold, whoſe morn ſerene,
Whoſe noon of better life, with honor ſpent,
In virtuous purpoſe or in honeſt act,
Drew fair Diſtinction on my public name,
From thoſe among mankind, the nobler few,
Whoſe praiſe is fame: but there, in that true ſource
Whence happineſs with pureſt ſtream deſcends,
In home-found peace and love, ſupremely bleſt!
Union of hearts, conſent of wedded wills,
By friendſhip knit, by mutual faith ſecur'd,
Our hopes and fears, our earth and heaven, the ſame!
At laſt, AMYNTOR, in my failing age,

Fallen from ſuch height, and with the felon-herd,
Robbers and outlaws, number'd---thought that ſtill
Stings deep the heart, and clothes the cheek with ſhame!
Then doom'd to feel what Guilt alone ſhould fear,
The hand of public vengeance; arm'd by rage
Not juſtice; rais'd to injure not redreſs,
To rob not guard, to ruin not defend:
And all, O ſovereign REASON! all deriv'd
From POWER that claims thy warrant to do wrong!
A right divine to violate unblam'd
Each law, each rule, that by HIMSELF obſerv'd,
The GOD preſcribes, whoſe ſanction KINGS pretend!

O CHARLES! O monarch! in long exile train'd,
Whole hopeleſs years, th' oppreſſor's hand to know
How hateful and how hard; thy ſelf reliev'd,
Now hear thy people, groaning under wrongs
Of equal load, adjure thee by thoſe days
Of want and woe, of danger and deſpair,
As heaven has thine, to pity their diſtreſs!

Yet, from the plain good meaning of my heart,
Be far th' unhallow'd licenſe of abuſe;
Be far the bitterneſs of ſaintly zeal,
That hid behind the patriot's name prophan'd
Maſques hate and malice to the legal throne,
In Juſtice founded, circumſcrib'd by laws,
The prince to guard---but guard the people too;

From

From heaven their equal claim: chief, one prime good
To guard inviolate; that ſum of bliſs,
Fair Freedom, birth-right of all thinking kinds,
Reaſon's great charter, from no king deriv'd,
By none to be reclaim'd, man's *right divine*,
Which GOD, who gave, indelible pronounc'd.

This to ſecure, to cheriſh and exalt,
By guardian-ſtatutes, plans of generous care,
While Peace bears high her olive; or when War
His righteous ſword unſheathes, in liſted fields
Th' invaded rights of mankind to aſſert,
Thro danger and thro death---for this alone,
This great imperial charge, were KINGS ordain'd,
Scepter'd with power, with purple ſtate emblaz'd,
And lawrel'd with renown; while kneeling worlds
As ſovereigns reverenc'd whom as ſires they lov'd,
Patrons and friends of virtue and of man!

But if, diſclaiming this his heaven---own'd right,
This firſt beſt tenure by which monarchs claim;
If, meant the bleſſing, he becomes the bane,
The wolf, not ſhepherd, of his ſubject-flock,
To grind and tear, not ſhelter and protect,
Wide-waſting where he reigns----to ſuch a prince,
Allegiance kept were treaſon to mankind;
And loyalty, revolt from virtue's law.
For ſay, AMYNTOR, does juſt heaven enjoin

That we ſhould homage hell? or bend the knee,
In worſhip, to the peſtilence or ſtorm?
The earthquake or volcano when they rage,
Rend earth's firm frame, and in one boundleſs grave
Engulph their thouſands? Yet, O grief to tell!
Yet ſuch, of late, o'er this devoted land,
Was public rule. Our ſervile ſtripes and chains,
Our ſighs and groans reſounding from the ſteep
Of wintry hill, or waſte untravel'd heath,
Laſt refuge of our wretchedneſs, not guilt,
Proclaim'd it loud to heaven: the arm of POWER
Extended fatal, but to cruſh the head
It ought to ſcreen; or with a parent's love
Reclaim from error, not with deadly hate,
The tyrant's law, exterminate who err.

In this wide ruin were my fortunes ſunk:
My ſelf, as One contagious to his kind,
Whom nature, whom the ſocial life renounc'd,
Unſummon'd, unimpleaded, was to death,
To ſhameful death adjudg'd; againſt my head
The price of blood proclaim'd, and at my heels
Let looſe the murderous cry of human hounds.
And this blind fury of commiſſion'd rage,
Of party-vengeance, to a fatal Foe,
Known and abhorr'd for deeds of direſt name,
Was given in charge: a Foe, whom blood-ſtain'd zeal
For what----O hear it not, all-righteous heaven!

Leſt

Leſt thy rous'd thunder burſt---for what was deem'd
Religion's cauſe, had ſavag'd to a brute,
More deadly fell than hunger ever ſtung
To prowl in wood or wild. His band he arm'd,
The ſons of havoc, miſcreants with all guilt
Familiar, and in each dire art of death
Train'd ruthleſs up. As tygers on their prey,
On my defenceleſs lands thoſe fiercer beaſts
Devouring fell: nor that ſequeſter'd ſhade,
That ſweet receſs, where love and virtue long
In happy league had dwelt, which war it ſelf
Beheld with reverence, could their fury 'ſcape,
Deſpoil'd, defac'd, and wrapt in waſteful flames:
For flame and rapine their conſuming march,
From hill to vale, by daily ruin mark'd.
So, borne by winds along, in baleful cloud,
Embody'd locuſts from the wing deſcend
On herb, fruit, flower, and kill the ripening year:
While, waſte behind, Deſtruction on their track
And ghaſtly Famine wait. My wife and child
He drag'd, the ruffian drag'd---O heaven! do I,
A man, ſurvive to tell it? at the hour
Sacred to reſt, amid the ſighs and tears
Of all who ſaw and curs'd his coward-rage,
He forc'd unpitying from their midnight-bed,
By menace, or by torture, from their fears
My laſt retreat to learn; and ſtill detains
Beneath his roof accurſt. That beſt of wives!

EMILIA! and our only pledge of love,
My blooming THEODORA!---Manhood there,
And nature bleed----Ah! let not buſy thought
ſearch thither, but avoid the fatal coaſt:
Diſcovery, there, once more my peace of mind
Might wreck; once more to deſperation ſink
My hopes in heaven. He ſaid: but, O ſad *Muſe*!
Can all thy moving energy, of power,
To ſhake the heart, to freeze th' arreſted blood,
With words that weep, and ſtrains that agonize;
Can all this mournful magic of thy voice
Tell what AMYNTOR feels? O heaven! art thou---
What I have heard?---AURELIUS! art thou He?---
Confuſion! horror!----that moſt wrong'd of men!
And O moſt wretched too! alas, no more,
No more a father----on that fatal flood,
Thy THEODORA----At theſe words he fell:
A deadly cold ran freezing thro his veins;
And life was on the wing her loath'd abode
For ever to forſake. As on his way
The traveller, from heaven by lightning ſtruck,
Is fix'd at once immovable; his eye
With terror glaring wild; his ſtiffening limbs
In marbly rigor bound: ſo ſtood, ſo look'd
The heart-ſmote parent at this tale of death
Half-utter'd, yet too plain. No ſigh to riſe,
No tear had force to flow; his ſenſes all,
Thro all their powers ſuſpended, and ſubdu'd

To chill amazement. Silence for a ſpace
(Such diſmal ſilence ſaddens earth and sky
Ere firſt the thunder breaks) on either ſide
Fill'd up this interval ſevere. At laſt,
As from ſome viſion that to frenzy fires
The ſleeper's brain, AMYNTOR waking wild,
A ponyard, hid beneath his various robe,
Drew furious forth---- Me, me, he cry'd, on me
Let all thy wrongs be viſited; and thus
My horrors end---then would have madly plung'd
The weapon's hoſtile point.----His lifted arm,
AURELIUS, tho with deep diſmay and dread
And anguiſh ſhook, yet his ſuperior ſoul
Collecting, and reſuming all himſelf,
Seiz'd ſudden: then peruſing with ſtrict eye,
And beating heart, AMYNTOR's blooming form;
Nor from his air or feature gathering aught
To wake remembrance, thus at length beſpoke.

O dire attempt! Whoe'er thou art, yet ſtay
Thy hand ſelf-violent; nor thus to guilt,
If guilt is thine, accumulating add
A crime that nature ſhrinks from, and to which
Heaven has indulg'd no mercy. Sovereign Judge!
Shall man firſt violate the law divine,
That plac'd him here dependent on thy nod,
Reſign'd, unmurmuring, to await his hour
Of fair diſmiſſion hence; ſhall man do this,

Then dare thy preſence, ruſh into thy ſight,
Red with the ſin, and recent from the ſtain,
Of unrepented blood? Call home thy ſenſe;
Know what thou art, and own his hand moſt juſt,
Rewarding or afflicting---But ſay on.
My ſoul, yet trembling at thy frantic deed,
Recals thy words, recals their dire import:
They urge me on; they bid me ask no more----
What would I ask? My THEODORA's fate,
Ah me! is known too plain. Have I then ſin'd,
Good heaven! beyond all grace----But ſhall I blame
His rage of grief, and in my ſelf admit
Its wild exceſs? Heaven gave her to my wiſh;
That gift Heaven has reſum'd: righteous in both;
For both his Providence be ever bleſt!

By ſhame repreſs'd, with riſing wonder fill'd,
AMYNTOR, ſlow-recovering into thought,
Submiſſive on his knee, the good man's hand
Graſp'd cloſe, and bore with ardor to his lips.
His eye, where fear, confuſion, reverence ſpoke,
Thro ſwelling tears, what language cannot tell,
Now roſe to meet, now ſhun'd the HERMIT's glance,
Shot awful at him; till, the various ſwell
Of paſſion ebbing, thus he faltering ſpoke:

What haſt thou done? why ſav'd a wretch unknown?
Whom, knowing, even thy goodneſs muſt abhor.

Miſtaken

Miſtaken man! the honor of thy name,
Thy love, truth, duty, all muſt be my foes.
I am----AURELIUS, turn that look aſide,
That brow of terror, while this wretch can ſay,
Abhorrent ſay, he is----Forgive me, heaven!
Forgive me, virtue! if I would renounce
Whom nature bids me reverence----by her bond
ROLANDO's ſon: by your more ſacred ties,
As to his crimes, an alien to his blood;
For crimes like his-----
ROLANDO's ſon? Juſt heaven!
Ha! here? and in my power? A war of thoughts,
All-terrible ariſing, ſhakes my frame
With doubtful conflict. By one ſtroke to reach
The *Father*'s heart, tho ſeas are ſpred between,
Were great revenge!---Away: revenge? on whom?
Alas! on my own ſoul; by rage betray'd
Even to the crime my reaſon moſt condemns
In him who ruin'd me. Deep-mov'd he ſpoke;
And his own ponyard o'er the proſtrate youth
Suſpended held. But as, the welcome blow,
With arms diſplay'd, AMYNTOR ſeem'd to court;
That ſight th' impending ſteel a moment ſtay'd.
A moment, wrath and mercy doubtful ſtrove:
The next, reflection pity'd and forgave.
Now as, in act to ſpeak, his head he rais'd,
Behold, in ſudden confluence gathering round
The *Natives* ſtood; whom kindneſs hither drew,

The *Man* unknown, with each relieving aid
Of love and care, as antient rites ordain,
To ſuccour and to ſerve. Before them came
MONTANO, venerable ſage, whoſe head
The hand of Time with twenty winters' ſnow
Had ſhower'd; and to whoſe intellectual eye
Futurity, behind her cloudy veil,
Stands in fair light diſclos'd. Him, after pauſe,
AURELIUS drew apart, and in his care
AMYNTOR plac'd; to lodge him and ſecure;
To ſave him from himſelf, as one, with grief
Tempeſtuous, and with rage, diſtemper'd deep.
This done, nor waiting for reply, alone
He ſought the vale, and his calm cottage gain'd.

End of the SECOND CANTO.

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA: OR, THE HERMIT.

CANTO III.

WHERE *Kilda*'s ſouthern hills their ſummit liſt
With triple fork to heaven, the mounted ſun
Full, from the midmoſt, ſhot in dazling ſhower,
His rays direct. And now, in lowing train,
Were ſeen ſlow-pacing weſtward o'er the vale
The milky mothers, foot purſuing foot,
And nodding as they move, their oozy meal,
The bitter healthful herbage of the ſhore,
Around its rocks to graze: for, ſtrange to tell!

The

Line 9. The cows often feed on the *alga marina*: and they can diſtinguiſh exactly the tide of ebb from the tide of flood; tho', at the ſame time, they are not within view of the ſhore. When the tide has ebbed about two hours, then they ſteer their courſe directly to the neareſt ſhore, in their uſual order, one after another. I had occaſion to make this obſervation thirteen times in one week. *Martin*'s *Weſtern Iſles of* Scotland, p. 156.

The hour of ebb, tho ever varying found,
As yon pale planet wheels from day to day
Her courſe inconſtant, their ſure inſtinct feels,
Intelligent of times, by Heaven's own hand,
To all its creatures equal in its care,
Unerring mov'd. Theſe Signs obſerv'd, that guide
To labour and repoſe a ſimple race,
(For art the ſubtle flight of time to mark,
By ſounding bell, or ſhadow ſliding round
The figur'd plain, or ſilent-ſtreaming ſands,
Is here unknown) theſe native ſigns had warn'd
To due repaſt at noon the temperate Iſle:
All but AURELIUS. He, by nature's call
Sollicited in vain, nor hour obſerv'd,
Unhappy man, nor due repaſt partook.
The CHILD no more! the MOTHER's fate untold!
Both in black proſpect riſing to his eye!
'Twas anguiſh there; 'twas here diſtracting doubt!
Yet, after long and painful conflict borne,
Where nature, reaſon, oft the doubtful ſcale
Inclin'd alternate, ſummoning each aid
That virtue lends, and o'er each thought infirm
Superior riſing, in the might of HIM,
Who ſtrength from weakneſs, as from darkneſs light,
Omnipotent can draw; again reſign'd,
Again he ſacrific'd, to heaven's high will,
Each ſoothing weakneſs of a parent's breaſt;
The ſigh ſoft memory prompts; the tender tear,

That,

That, ſtreaming o'er an object lov'd and loſt,
With mournful magic tortures and delights,
Relieves us, while its ſweet oppreſſion loads,
And, by admitting, blunts the ſting of woe.

As REASON thus the mental ſtorm ſeren'd,
And thro' the darkneſs ſhot her ſun-bright ray
That ſtrengthens while it chears; behold from far
AMYNTOR ſlow-approaching! On his front,
O'er each ſunk feature ſorrow had diffus'd
Attraction, ſweetly ſad. His noble port,
Majeſtic in diſtreſs, AURELIUS mark'd;
And, unreſiſting, felt his boſom flow
With ſocial ſoftneſs. Strait, before the door
Of his moſs-ſilver'd cell, they ſat them down
In counterview: and thus the YOUTH began.

With patient ear, with calm attention, mark
AMYNTOR's ſtory: then, as Juſtice ſees,
On either hand, her equal balance weigh,
Abſolve him or condemn----But O, may I,
A father's name, when truth forbids to praiſe,
Unblam'd pronounce? that name to every ſon
By heaven made ſacred; and by nature's hand,
With honor, duty, love, her triple pale,
Fenc'd ſtrongly round, to bar the rude approach
Of each irreverent thought.---Theſe eyes, alas!
The curs'd effects of ſanguinary *zeal*

Too near beheld: its madneſs how extreme;
How blind its fury, by the prompting prieſt,
Each tyrant's ready inſtrument of ill,
Train'd on to holy miſchief. Scene abhorr'd!
Fell *cruelty* let looſe in mercy's name.
Intolerance, while o'er the free-born mind
Her heavieſt chains were caſt, her iron-ſcourge
Severeſt hung, yet daring to that Power
Appeal, whoſe law is meekneſs; and for deeds
That outrage heaven, belying heaven's command.

Flexile of will, misjudging tho' ſincere,
ROLANDO caught the ſpred infection, plung'd
Implicite into guilt, and headlong urg'd
His courſe unjuſt to violence and rage.
Unmanly rage! when nor the charm divine
Of BEAUTY, nor the MATRON's ſacred age,
Secure from wrongs, could innocence ſecure,
Found reverence or diſtinction. Yet, ſuſtain'd
By conſcious worth within, the matchleſs PAIR
Their threatning fate, impriſonment and ſcorn
And death denounc'd, unſhrinking, unſubdu'd
To murmur or complaint, ſuperior bore,
With patient hope, with fortitude reſign'd,
Not built on pride, not courting vain applauſe;
But calmly conſtant, without effort great,
What reaſon dictates, and what heaven approves.

But how proceed, AURELIUS? in what ſounds
Of gracious cadence, of aſſuaſive power,
My further ſtory clothe? O could I ſteal
From harmony her ſofteſt-warbled ſtrain
Of melting air! or zephire's vernal voice!
Or philomela's ſong, when love diſſolves
To liquid blandiſhment his evening-lay,
All nature ſmiling round! then might I ſpeak;
Then might AMYNTOR, unoffending, tell,
How unperceiv'd and ſecret thro his breaſt,
As morning riſes o'er the midnight-ſhade,
What firſt was ow'd, humanity to *both*,
Aſſiſting piety and tender thought,
Grew ſwift and ſilent into love for *one*:
My ſole offence----if love can then offend,
When virtue lights, and reverence guards its flame.

O THEODORA! who thy world of charms,
That ſoul of ſweetneſs, that warm glow of youth,
Soft in thy eye, and ſunny on thy cheek,
Unmov'd could ſee? that dignity of eaſe,
That grace of air, by happy nature thine!
For all in thee was native; from within
Spontaneous flowing, as ſome equal ſtream
From its unfailing ſource! and then too, ſeen
In milder lights; by ſorrow's ſhading hand
Touch'd into power more exquiſitely ſoft,
Intender'd by diſtreſs, by tears adorn'd;

As ſeen thro tempering dews the beams of morn!
O ſweetneſs without name! when *Love* looks on
With *Pity*'s melting eye, that to the ſoul
Endears, ennobles *Her*, whom fate afflicts,
Or fortune leaves unhappy! Paſſion then
Refines to virtue: then a purer train
Of heaven-inſpir'd emotions, undebas'd
By ſelf-regard, or thought of due return,
The breaſt expanding, all its powers exalt
To emulate what reaſon beſt conceives
Of love celeſtial; whoſe prevenient aid
Forbids approaching ill; or gracious draws,
When the lone heart with anguiſh inly bleeds,
From pain its ſting, its bitterneſs from woe!

By this plain courtſhip of the honeſt heart
To pity mov'd, at length the gentle *Maid*
My pleaded vows, with unreluctant ear,
Would oft admit; would oft endearing crown
With ſmiles of kind aſſent, with looks that ſpoke,
In bluſhing ſoftneſs, her chaſte boſom touch'd
To mutual love. O fortune's faireſt hour!
O ſeen, but not enjoy'd, juſt hail'd and loſt
Its flattering brightneſs! THEODORA's form,
Event unfear'd! had caught ROLANDO's eye:
And love (if wild deſire, of fancy born,
By furious paſſions nurs'd, that ſacred name
Profanes not) love his ſtubborn breaſt diſſolv'd

To

To tranſient goodneſs---But my thought ſhrinks back,
Reluctant to proceed: and filial awe,
With pious hand, would o'er a parent's crime
The veil of ſilence and oblivious night
Permitted throw. His impious ſuit repell'd,
Aw'd from her eye, and from her lip ſevere
Daſh'd with indignant ſcorn; each harbour'd thought
Of ſoft emotion or of ſocial ſenſe,
Love, pity, kindneſs, alien to a ſoul
That bigot-rage emboſoms, fled at once:
And all the ſavage reaſſum'd his breaſt.
'Tis juſt, he cry'd; who thus invites diſdain,
Deſerves repulſe: he who, by ſlave-like arts,
Would meanly ſteal what force may nobler take,
And, greatly daring, dignify the deed.
When next we meet, our mutual bluſh to ſpare,
Thine from diſſembling, from baſe flattery mine,
Shall be my care. This threat, by brutal ſcorn
Embitter'd, terrible alike to *both*,
To *one* prov'd fatal. Silent-waſting grief,
The mortal worm that on EMELIA's frame
Unſeen had prey'd, now deep thro all her powers
Its poyſon ſpred, and kill'd their vital growth.
Sickening, ſhe ſunk beneath this added weight
Of ſhame and horror.---Dare I yet proceed?
AURELIUS, O moſt injur'd of Mankind!
Shall yet my tale accumulating give

To woe, new anguiſh? and to grief, deſpair----
She is no more----
O providence ſevere!
AURELIUS ſmote his breaſt, and groaning cry'd:
But curb'd a ſecond groan, repell'd the voice
Of froward grief; and to the *Will* ſupreme,
In juſtice awful, lowly bending his,
Nor ſigh, nor murmur, nor repining plaint,
By all the war of nature tho' aſſail'd,
Eſcap'd his lips. What ſhall we, from heaven's grace
With life receiving happineſs, our ſhare
Of ill refuſe? And are afflictions aught
But mercies in diſguiſe? th' alternate cup,
Medicinal tho' bitter, and prepar'd
By love's own hand for ſalutary ends.
But were they ills indeed; can fond complaint
Arreſt the wing of time? Can grief command
This noon-day ſun to roll his flaming orb
Back to yon eaſtern coaſt, and bring again
The hours of yeſterday? or from the womb
Of that unſounded deep the bury'd corſe
To light and life reſtore! Bleſt pair, farewel!
Yet, yet a few ſhort days of erring grief,
Of human fondneſs ſighing in the breaſt
And ſorrow is no more. Now, gentle Youth,
And let me call thee Son (for O that name
Thy faith, thy friendſhip, thy true portion borne
Of pains for me, too ſadly have deſerv'd)

On with thy tale. 'Tis mine, when heaven afflicts,
To hearken and adore. The patient Man
Thus ſpoke: AMYNTOR thus his ſtory cloſ'd.

As, dumb with anguiſh, round the bed of death
We kneeling wept, her cloſing eyes to mine
Feebly ſhe rais'd; then fixing, in cold gaze,
On THEODORA's face----O ſave my child!
She ſaid: and, ſhrinking from her pillow, ſlept
Without a groan, a pang. In hallow'd earth
I ſaw her ſhrouded; bid eternal peace
Her ſhade receive, and with the trueſt tears
Her duſt bedew'd that ever duty paid.

What then remain'd for honor, or for love?
What, but to fly ROLANDO's fatal roof?
That ſcene of violence, with guilt profan'd,
And terrible with death. Late at the hour,
The duſk dead hour, when o'er this nether orb
Deep ſleep and ſilence reign, the waining moon
Aſcending mournful in the midnight ſphere;
On that ſad ſpot, within whoſe cavern'd womb
EMILIA ſleeps, and by the turf that veils
Her honor'd clay, alone and kneeling there,
I found my THEODORA! Thrill'd with awe,
With holy horror ſhook, which both the place
And time infus'd reſiſtleſs, I too bent
My trembling knee; and lock'd in her's my hand

Acroſs her parent's grave. By this dread ſcene!
By night's pale regent! by yon glorious train
Of ever-moving fires that round her burn!
By death's dark empire! by the ſheeted duſt,
That once was man, now mouldering here below!
But chief by *her's*, at whoſe nocturnal grave,
Reverent we kneel! and by her nobler part,
Th' unbody'd ſpirit hovering near, perhaps,
As witneſs to our vows! nor time, nor chance,
Nor aught but death's inevitable hand,
Shall e'er divide our loves.---I led her thence:
But oh! in evil hour, with heaven averſe;
For ſudden round in rolling fogs aroſe
A deep-dy'd gloom, extinguiſhing the moon
With broad eclipſe; while, glimmering on our left,
Its ſtreamy blaze the fearful *night-fire* wav'd:
And to our eyes, as dazling fancy deem'd,
Pale in the church-yard path a ſhadowy ſhape,
That ſwept athwart, diſclos'd. With all theſe ſigns
Of unconſenting fate, our ready bark
Was launch'd---But, O my Father! can I ſpeak
What yet remains? yon ocean black with ſtorm!
Its uſeleſs ſails rent from the groaning pine!
The ſpeechleſs crew aghaſt! and that loſt *Fair*!
Still, ſtill I ſee her! feel her heart pant thick!
And hear her voice, in ardent vows to heaven
For me alone prefer'd; as on my arm,
Expiring, ſinking with her fears ſhe hung!

I kiſs'd

I kiſs'd her pale cold cheek: with tears adjur'd,
And won at laſt, with ſums of profer'd gold,
The boldeſt mariners, this pretious charge
Inſtant to ſave; and, in the skiff ſecur'd,
Their oars acroſs the foamy flood to ply
With unremitting arm. I then prepar'd
To follow her----That moment, from the deck,
A ſea ſwell'd o'er and plung'd me in the gulph.
Nor me alone: its broad and billowing ſweep
Muſt have involv'd her too. Myſterious heaven!
My fatal love on her devoted head
Drew down----O fearful thought! the judgment due
To me and mine: or was AMYNTOR ſav'd
For its whole quiver of remaining wrath?
For ſtorms more fierce? for pains of ſharper ſting?
And years of death to come?----Nor farther voice,
Nor flowing tear his high-wrought grief ſupply'd:
With arms outſpred, with eyes in hopeleſs gaze
To heaven uplifted, motionleſs and mute
He ſtood, the mournful ſemblance of deſpair.

The lamp of day, tho from mid-noon declin'd,
Still flaming with full ardor, ſhot on earth
Oppreſſive brightneſs round; till in ſoft ſteam,
From ocean's boſom, his light vapours drawn,
With grateful intervention o'er the sky
Their veil diffuſive ſpred; the ſcene abroad
Soft-ſhadowing vale and plain and dazling hill.

AURELIUS, with his gueſt, the weſtern cliff
Aſcending ſlow, beneath its cavern'd roof,
From whence in double ſtream a lucid ſource
Rowl'd ſounding forth, and where with dewy wing
Freſh breezes play'd, ſought refuge and repoſe,
Till cooler hours ariſe. The ſubject-*Iſle*;
Her village-capital, where health and peace
Are tutelary gods; her ſmall domain
Of arable and paſture, vein'd with ſtreams
That branching bear refreſhful moiſture on
To field and mead; her ſtraw-roof'd temple rude,
Where piety, not pride, adoring kneels,
Lay full in view. From ſcene to ſcene around
AURELIUS gaz'd; and ſighing thus began.

Not we alone; alas! in every clime,
The human race are ſons of ſorrow born.
Heirs of tranſmitted labour and diſeaſe,
Of pain and grief, from ſire to ſon deriv'd,
All have their mournful portion; all muſt bear
Th' impos'd condition of their mortal ſtate,
Viciſſitude of ſuffering. Caſt thine eye
Where yonder vale, AMYNTOR, ſloping ſpreads
Full to the noon-tide beam its primroſe-lap,
From hence due eaſt. AMYNTOR look'd and ſaw,
Not without wonder at a ſight ſo ſtrange,
Where *thrice three Females*, earneſt each and arm'd
With rural inſtruments, the ſoil prepar'd

For

For future harveſt. *Theſe* the trenchant ſpade,
To turn the mold and break th' adheſive clods,
Employ'd aſſiduous. *Thoſe*, with equal pace
And arm alternate, ſtrew'd its freſh lap white
With fruitful CERES: while, in train behind,
Three more th' incumbent harrow heavy on
O'erlabour'd drew, and clos'd the toilſome task.

Behold! AURELIUS thus his ſpeech renew'd,
From that ſoft ſex, too delicately fram'd
For toils like theſe, the task of rougher man,
What yet neceſſity demands ſevere.
Twelve ſuns have purpled theſe encircling hills
With orient beams, as many nights along
Their dewy ſummits drawn th' alternate veil
Of darkneſs, ſince, in unpropitious hour,
The HUSBANDS of thoſe widow'd MATES who now
For both muſt labour, launch'd, in queſt of food,
Their *iſland-skiff* adventurous on the deep.
Them, while the ſweeping net ſecure they plung'd
The finny race to ſhare, whoſe foodful ſhoals
Each creek and bay innumerable croud,
As annual on from ſhore to ſhore they move
In watry caravan; them, thus intent,
Dark from the ſouth a guſt of furious wing,
Upſpringing, drove to ſea: and left in tears
This little world of brothers and of friends!
But when, at evening-hour, diſjointed plank's,

Borne

Borne on the ſurging tide, and broken oars,
The wreck, before ſurmis'd, to ſight reveal'd
With fatal certainty; one general groan,
To heaven aſcending, ſpoke the general breaſt
With ſharpeſt anguiſh pierc'd. Their ceaſeleſs plaint,
Thro theſe hoarſe rocks, on this reſounding ſhore,
At morn was heard: at midnight too were ſeen,
Diſconſolate on each chill mountain's height,
The mourners ſpred, exploring land and ſea
With eager gaze---till from yon *leſſer Iſle*,
Yon round of moſs-clad hills, *Borera* nam'd----
Full north, behold! beyond the ſoaring lark,
Its dizzy cliffs aſpire, hung round and white
With curling miſts---at laſt from yon wild hills,
Inflaming the brown air with ſudden blaze,
And ruddy undulation, *thrice three* fires,
Like meteors waving in a moonleſs sky,
Our eyes, yet unbelieving ſaw diſtinct;
Succeſſive kindled, and from night to night
Renew'd continuous. Joy, with wild exceſs,
Took her gay turn to reign; and nature now
From rapture wept: yet ever and anon
By ſad conjecture damp'd, and anxious thought
How from yon rocky priſon to releaſe
Whom the deep ſea immures (their only boat
Deſtroy'd) and whom th' inevitable ſiege
Of hunger muſt aſſault. But hope ſuſtains
The human heart: and now their faithful wives,

With

With ſove-taught skill and vigor not their own,
On yonder field th' autumnal year prepare.

AMYNTOR, who the tale diſtreſsful heard
With ſympathizing ſorrow, on himſelf,
On his ſeverer fate, now pondering deep,
Rapt by ſad thought the hill unheeding leſt;
And reach'd, with ſwerving ſtep, the diſtant ſtrand,
That hoarſe-remurmurs to the riſing ſurge.
Above, around, in cloudy circles wheel'd,
Or ſailing level on the polar gale
That cool with evening roſe, a thouſand wings,
The ſummer-nations of theſe pregnant cliffs,
Play'd ſportive round, and to the ſun outſpred
Their various plumage; or in wild notes hail'd
His parent-beam, that animates and chears
All living kinds. He, glorious from amidſt
A pomp of golden clouds, th' Atlantic flood
Beheld oblique, and o'er its azure breaſt
Wav'd one unbounded bluſh: a ſcene to ſtrike
Both ear and eye with wonder and delight!
But, loſt to outward ſenſe, AMYNTOR paſs'd
Regardleſs on, thro other walks convey'd
Of baleful proſpect; which pale *Fancy* rais'd
Inceſſant to her ſelf, and fabled o'er

Line 363. The author who relates this ſtory, adds, that the produce of grain, that ſeaſon, was the moſt plentiful they had ſeen for many years before. *Vide Martin's Deſcript. of the Weſtern Iſles of* Scotland, p. 286.

With darkeſt night, meet region for deſpair!
Till northward, where the rock its ſea-waſh'd baſe
Projects athwart and ſhuts the bounded ſcene,
Rounding its point, he rais'd his eyes and ſaw,
At diſtance ſaw, deſcending on the ſhore
Forth from their anchor'd boat, of *men unknown*
A double band, who by their geſtures ſtrange
There fix'd him wondering: for at once they knelt
With hands upheld; at once, to heaven, as ſeem'd,
One general hymn pour'd forth of vocal praiſe.
Then, ſlowly riſing, forward mov'd their ſteps:
Slow as they mov'd, behold! amid the train,
On either ſide ſupported, onward came
Pale and of piteous look, a penſive *Maid*;
As one by waſting ſickneſs ſore aſſail'd,
Or plung'd in grief profound----Oh all ye powers!
AMYNTOR ſtartling cry'd, and ſhot his ſoul
In rapid glance before him on her face.
Illuſion! no----it cannot be. My blood
Runs cold: my feet are rooted here----and ſee!
To mock my hopes, it wears her gracious form.
The *Spirits* who this ocean waſte and wild
Still hover o'er, or walk its iſles unſeen,
Preſenting oft in pictur'd viſion ſtrange
The dead or abſent, have yon ſhape adorn'd,
So like my love, of unſubſtantial air,
Embody'd, featur'd it with all her charms----
And lo! behold! its eyes are fix'd on mine

With

With gaze tranſported----Ha! ſhe faints, ſhe falls---
He ran, he flew: his claſping arms receiv'd
Her ſinking weight----O earth, and air, and ſea!
'Tis ſhe! 'tis THEODORA! Power divine,
Whoſe goodneſs knows no bound, thy hand is here,
Omnipotent in mercy! As he ſpoke,
Adown his cheek, thro ſhivering joy and doubt,
The tear, faſt-falling, ſtream'd. My love! my life!
Soul of my wiſhes! ſav'd beyond all faith!
Return to life and me. O fly, my friends,
Fly, and from yon tranſlucent fountain bring
The living ſtream. Thou dearer to my ſoul
Than all the ſumleſs wealth this ſea entombs,
My THEODORA, yet awake; 'tis I,
'Tis poor AMYNTOR calls thee! At that name,
That potent name, her ſpirit from the verge
Of death recall'd, ſhe trembling rais'd her eyes;
Trembling, his neck with eager graſp entwin'd,
And murmur'd out his name: then ſunk again;
Then ſwoon'd upon his boſom, thro exceſs
Of bliſs unhop'd, too mighty for her frame.
The roſe-bud thus, that to the beam ſerene
Of morning glad unfolds her tender charms,
Shrinks and expires beneath the noon-day blaze.

He, in this dread ſuſpenſe, while buſy round
The ſtream with cool aſperſion on her face
Theſe men officious caſt, beheld amaz'd,

In them beheld, diſtruſting even his eyes,
His friends! the very band! th' adventurous few,
Who plac'd her in the skiff! whoſe daring skill
Had ſav'd her from the deep!----As o'er her cheek,
Rekindling life, like morn, its light diffus'd
In dawning purple; from their lips he learn'd,
How to yon *Iſle*, yon round of moſs-clad hills,
Borera nam'd, before the tempeſt borne,
Theſe *Iſlanders*, *thrice three*, then priſon'd there,
(So heaven ordain'd) with utmoſt peril run,
With toil invincible, from ſhelve and rock
Their boat preſerv'd, and to this happy coaſt
Its prow directed ſafe----He heard no more:
The reſt already known, his every ſenſe,
His full-collected ſoul, on her alone
Was fix'd, was hung enraptur'd, while theſe ſounds,
This voice, as of an angel, pierc'd his ear.

AMYNTOR! O my life's recover'd hope!
My ſoul's deſpair and rapture!----can this be?
Am I on earth? and do theſe arms indeed
Thy real form enfold? Thou dreadful deep!
Ye ſhores unknown! ye wild impending hills!
Dare I yet truſt my ſenſe?----O yes, 'tis he!
'Tis he himſelf! My eyes, my bounding heart
Confeſs their living lord! What ſhall I ſay?
How vent the boundleſs tranſport that expands
My labouring thought? th' unutterable bliſs,

Joy,

Joy, wonder, gratitude, that pain to death
The breaſt they charm---AMYNTOR, O ſupport
This ſwimming brain; I would not now be torn
Again from life and thee; nor cauſe thy heart
A ſecond pang. At this, dilated high
The ſwell of Joy, moſt fatal where its force
Is felt moſt exquiſite, a timely vent
Now found, and broke in tender dews a way
Of heart-relieving tears. As o'er its charge,
With ſheltering wing, ſolicitouſly good,
The guardian-Genius hovers: ſo the Youth,
On her lov'd face, aſſiduous and alarm'd,
In ſilent fondneſs dwelt; while all his ſoul,
With trembling tenderneſs of hope and fear
Pleaſingly pain'd, was all employ'd for her;
The rous'd emotions warring in her breaſt,
Attempering, to compoſe, and gradual fit
For further joy her ſoft impreſſive frame.

O happy! tho as yet thou know'ſt not half
The bliſs that waits thee! but, thou gentleſt mind,
Whoſe ſigh is pity, and whoſe ſmile is love,
For all who joy or ſorrow, arm thy breaſt
With that beſt temperance, which from fond exceſs,
When rapture lifts to dangerous height its powers,
Reflective guards. Know then---and let calm thought
On wonder wait---ſafe refug'd in this *Iſle*,
Thy god-like father lives! and lo---but curb,

Re-

Repreſs the tranſport that o'erheaves thy heart;
'Tis he----look yonder---he, whoſe reverend ſteps
The mountain's ſide deſcend!----Abrupt from his
Her hand ſhe drew; and, as on wings upborne,
Shot o'er the ſpace between. *He* ſaw, he knew,
Aſtoniſh'd knew, before him, on her knee,
His THEODORA! To his arms he rais'd
The loſt lov'd fair, and in his boſom preſs'd.
My father!----O my child!----at once they cry'd:
Nor more. The reſt ecſtatic ſilence ſpoke,
And nature from her inmoſt ſeat of ſenſe
Beyond all utterance mov'd. On this bleſt ſcene
Where emulous in either boſom ſtrove
Adoring gratitude, earth, ocean, air,
Around with ſoftening aſpect ſeem'd to ſmile;
And heaven, approving, look'd delighted down.

Nor theirs alone this bliſsful hour: the Joy,
With inſtant flow, from ſhore to ſhore along
Diffuſive ran: and all th' exulting iſle
About the *new-arriv'd*, to hope long loſt,
By miracle regain'd, was pour'd abroad.
In each plain boſom *love* and *nature* wept:
While each a ſire, a husband, or a friend,
Embracing held and kiſs'd.
Now, while the ſong,
The choral hymn, in wildly-cadenc'd notes,
What nature dictates when the full heart prompts,

Beſt

Beſt harmony, their grateful ſouls effus'd
Aloud to heaven; MONTANO, reverend *Seer*,
Whoſe eye prophetic far thro time's abyſs
Could ſhoot its beam, and there the births of fate,
Yet immature and in their cauſes hid,
Illumin'd ſee, a ſpace abſtracted ſtood:
His frame with ſhivery horror ſhook, his eyes
From outward viſion held, and all the man
Entranc'd in wonder at the riſing ſcene,
On fluid air, as in a mirror, ſeen,
And glowing radiant to his mental ſight.

They fly! he cry'd, they melt in air away,
The clouds that long fair *Albion*'s heaven o'ercaſt!
With tempeſt delug'd, or with flame devour'd
Her drooping plains: while dawning roſy round
A purer morning lights up all her skies!
He comes, behold! the great deliverer comes!
Immortal WILLIAM, borne triumphant on,
From yonder orient, o'er propitious ſeas,
White with the ſails of his unnumber'd fleet,
A floating foreſt, ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore
See! with ſpred wing *Britania*'s GENIUS flys,
Before his prow; commands the ſpeeding gales
To waft him on; and, o'er the Hero's head,
Inwreath'd with olive bears the lawrel-crown,
Bleſt emblem, peace with liberty reſtor'd!
And hark! from either ſtrand, with nations hid,

To

To welcome in true freedom's day renew'd
What thunders of acclaim! AURELIUS, man
By heaven belov'd, thou to that ſacred ſun
Shalt live to hail; ſhalt warm thee in his ſhine!
I ſee thee on the flowery lap diffus'd
Of thy lov'd vale, amid a ſmiling race
From this *bleſt Pair* to ſpring; whom equal faith,
And equal fondneſs, in ſoft league ſhall hold
From youth to reverend age; the calmer hours
Of thy laſt day to ſweeten and adorn:
Thro life thy comfort, and in death thy crown!

THE END.